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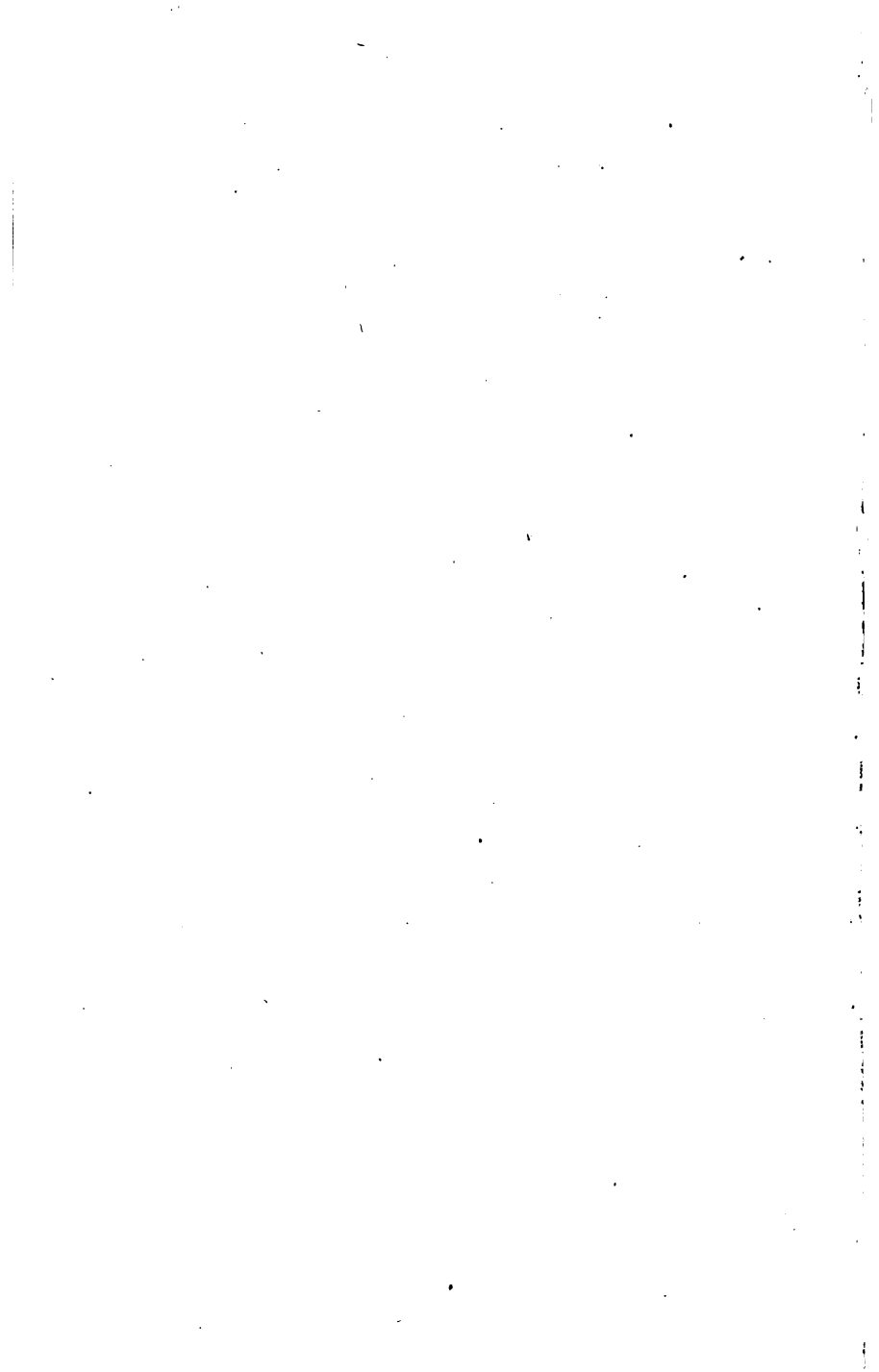
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Miss Hannah Fabens

Elizabeth, N. J.





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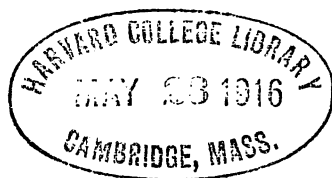
"THE LAST CIGAR"

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY J. WARREN FABENS,
FORMERLY U. S. CONSUL AT CAYENNE, S. A., AND AUTHOR
OF "THE CAMEL HUNT," "LIFE ON THE
ISTHMUS," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:
M. L. HOLBROOK & CO.

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*Miss Hannah Fabens,
Elizabeth, N.J.*

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1887.**

DEDICATED TO OUR DAUGHTERS.

As I have long wished that these few poems which I have selected from some which my late husband wrote in his youth, should be arranged in a permanent form, in which our three surviving daughters (to whom I dedicate this little volume) might keep them, I have now decided to have them published, hoping that our friends also will enjoy and appreciate them.

L. F. FABENS.

CONTENTS.

Preface.....	8
Sketch of Author.....	8
The Last Cigar.....	9
Lines on Leaving Home.....	11
Evening.....	46
Helen Burns.....	19
Byron's Latter Days.....	25
The First Star.....	27
The Burial at Sea.....	29
Lines on a Bank Bill.....	39
A Vision.....	43
I Miss Thee.....	47
Thoughts in Dejection.....	49
Mount Lander.....	53
In Spain.....	57

PREFACE.

THE friends who have gathered for publication the poems contained in this volume have invited me to add to it, by way of preface, a few words concerning the author of the verses herein presented.

At the time of Col. Fabens' death I thought and suggested to others, that some account of his varied and adventurous life should be prepared, if not otherwise, at least as a contribution to the history of his native town. This task has not as yet been undertaken, and the limits here assigned me allow only the briefest mention of some of the leading facts which mark his record.

Joseph Warren Fabens was born in Salem, Mass., where a number of his relatives still reside. Contemplating probably a professional career he entered Harvard College at the age of sixteen years. His health, however, was not sufficient for the endurance of the college curriculum. His studies were renounced in the hope that a sea voyage and European travel would prove beneficial to him. On his return home he made a second effort to attain a professional education, entering the Theological Seminary at Andover, which, however, he was soon obliged to leave. It now became evident that he was physically unable to endure the severe strain of study, and an opening in another direction was sought by him.

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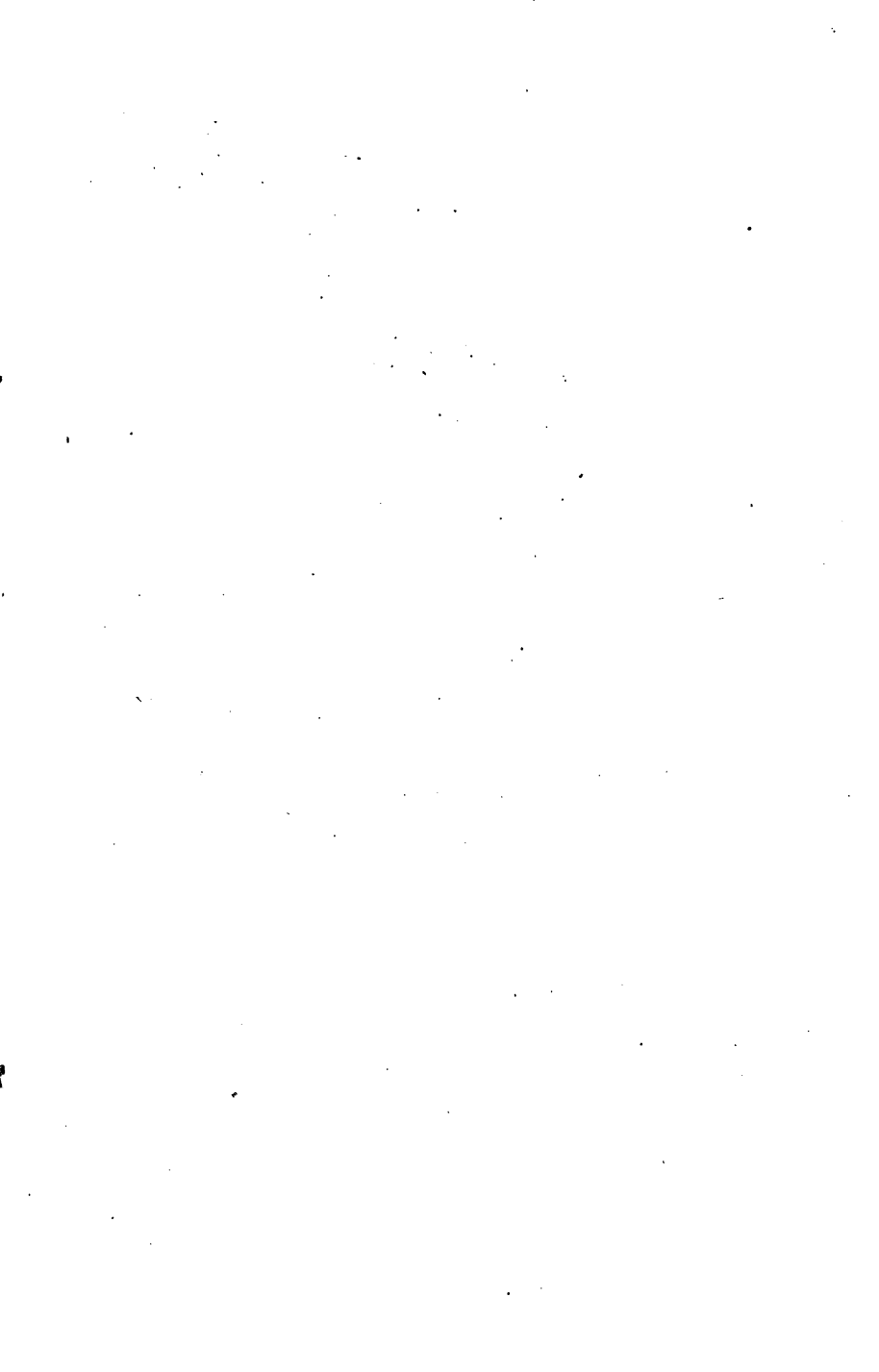


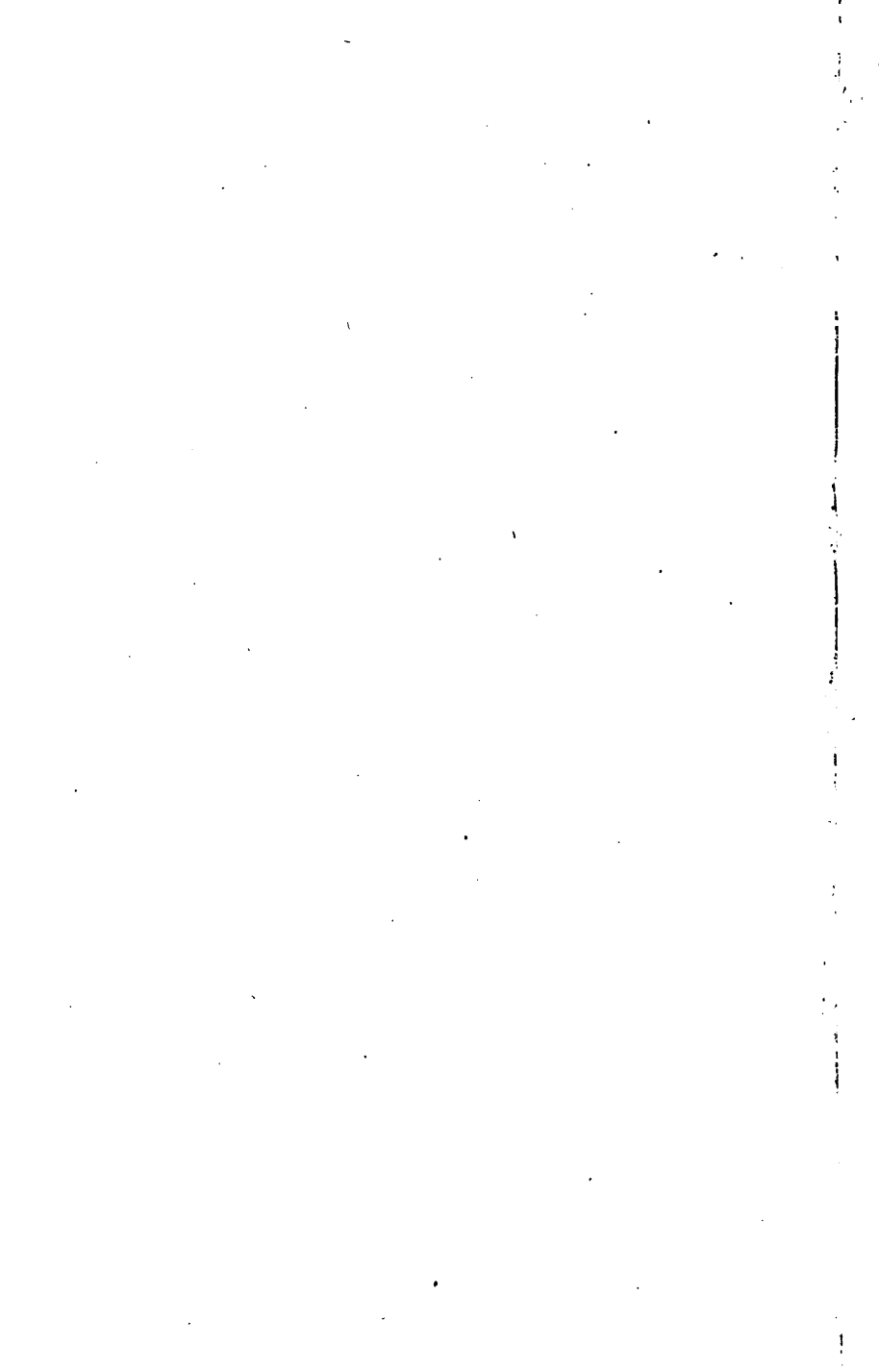
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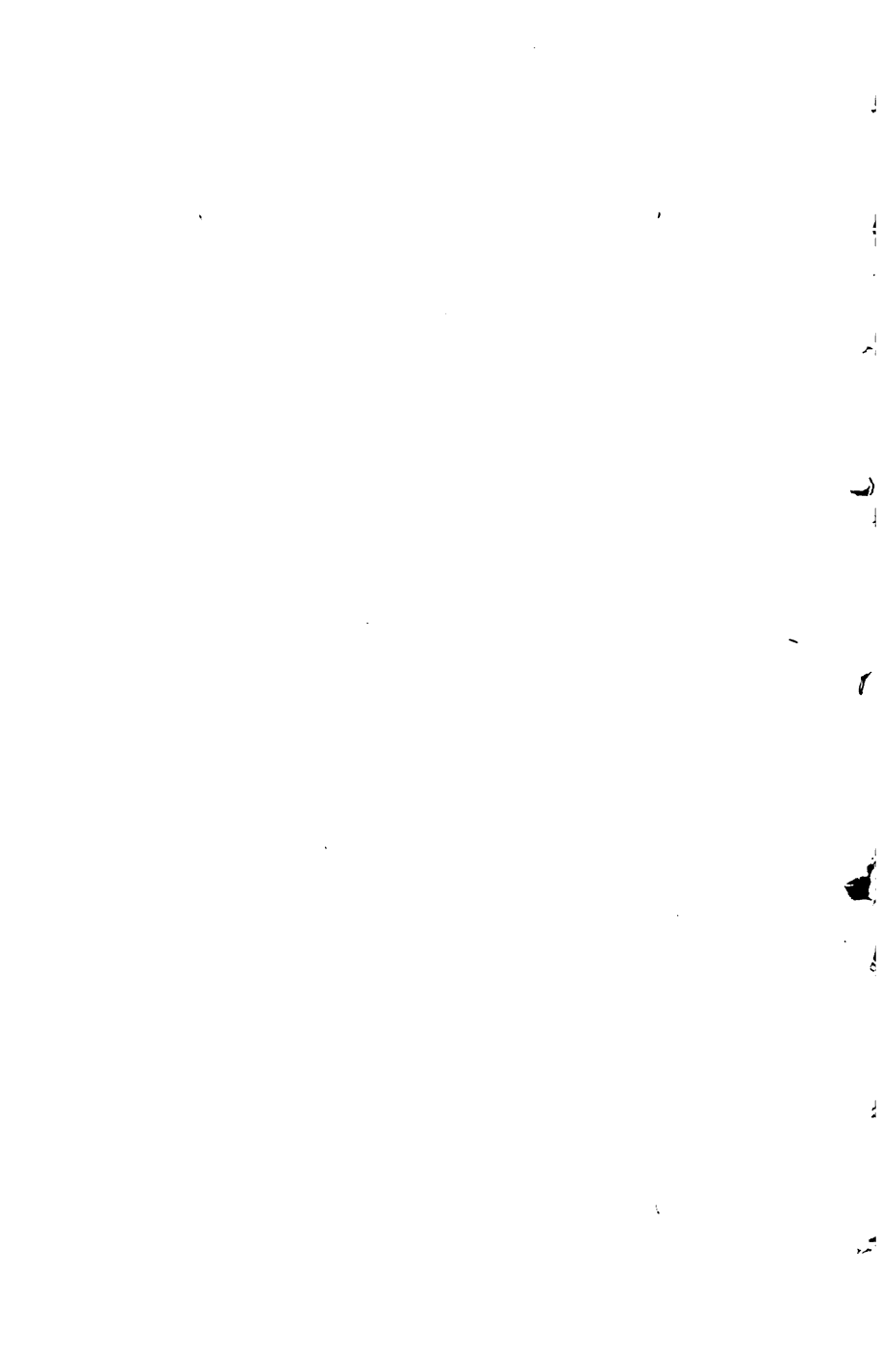




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THE LAST CIGAR.

I WAS off the blue Canaries,
A glorious summer day,
I sat upon the quarter-deck,
And whiffed my cares away ;
And as the volumed smoke arose
Like incense in the air,
I heaved a sigh to think, in sooth,
It was my last cigar.

I leaned against the quarter rail
And gazed down in the sea ;
E'en there the airy wreaths of smoke
Were curling gracefully.
Oh, what had I at such a time
To do with wasting care ?
Alas, the trembling tear proclaimed
It was my last cigar !

I watched the ashes as it came
Fast nearing to the end ;
I watched it as a friend will watch
Beside his dying friend ;—
I could not speak,—I could not stir,
But like a statue there,
I whiffed the massy volumes out
Of that divine cigar !


At length the pile of ashes fell,
Like child from mother torn,
And the smoke that I drew in and out
Grew warm and yet more warm.
I took one last, one lingering whiff—
A long whiff of despair—
And threw it from me—spare the tale,
It was my last cigar !

I've seen the land of all I loved
Fade in the distance dim,—
And sighed above the blighted heart
Where once proud hope had been ;
But never have I felt a thrill
Which could with that compare,
When off the blue Canaries
I smoked my last cigar !

LINES ON LEAVING HOME.

"Farewell—a word that must be—and has been
A sound that makes us linger. Yet farewell."

Childe Harold.

 **STAND** upon the deck—the soft south west
Breathes o'er the sea and curls the water's
breast

In feathery crests, and fills the canvas
That shall bear us on to sunnier climes,
And bends the tall ship nearer to the wave,
And sends the white spray shivering from the
prow,
And to most hearts brings gladness, but to
mine

A sense of desolation, for it comes
O'er the green places where I loved to linger,
Fraught with the breath of flowers I am leav-
ing;

And it brings back to my mind the dreams of
youth,

When I had thought to interweave my name
With those old hills, and take a place among
The proudest of my country's sons—the halls
Of learning—and the lone sea shore, the church
Where first my spirit drank the theory
Of that which long ago most bitterly,
Had proved itself to the young mind in sad
Experience, that all is vanity—

The peopled city and the deep solitude
Where the then unsullied soul sought quiet—
Familiar faces, well-remembered sounds,
True words and truer hearts, the voice, the
breath

And atmosphere of home—all, all I loved
And could not bear to leave, are borne across
The waters on the wings of this mild wind—
And dost thou wonder that my heart is sad,
And that the heavy sigh will heave my chest,
And the big tear stand glistening in my eye
When I must say to one and all—farewell!

Yet it must be—farewell; the voice has spoken
That doth send me forth, and I must go; for
I have learned the folly and the wretchedness

Of him that battles with his destiny.
 Farewell—the heart that says it will be grayer
 Ere it beats again within the view of
 The old places it is leaving,—if so be
 It ever should return—and if it *should*,
 Where shall it turn to find the things it weeps
 So bitterly to part with? The hills will
 Be the same; the old forest may have shed
 Its coat again and put on fresher garments,
 But to me will look the same; the stream will
 Dance as gaily in the sun, and the shore
 Receive the heaving surge as is its wont;—
 Perchance the church, the garden and the grove
 Of burial may escape the changing hand
 Of time and man, and wear their old true aspect.
 But where will be the bright eye and the laugh-
 ing lip?

Will not the raven locks wear here and there
 A tinge of whiteness? And the rose—will it
 Not some have faded from the cheek? And the
 Lily—will not the autumn breath have stolen
 From its purity? And the heart—will not the
 Weight of years and cares, and the perplexities
 Of earth have pressed too heavily upon it,
 Eating away its freshness? Heaven best
 Can tell.

The wise have written of a life
That is dependent not on outward show,
And hath no unity with circumstance,—
But lives and feeds alone upon itself,
And finds sufficient sustenance in its
Own purity and stern uprightness; and
They say that those who have this life
Know naught of difference in time or place,
But that to them all times and places are alike,
For their own mind is Paradise, and in
Its pure light all around looks lovely—
Wheresoe'er it strays, there is its home, and
There, or nowhere, is its heaven. And this
They call philosophy. It may be so—
And they may labor for awhile under
The sweet delusion—but the heart will one day
Claim its wasted powers, and ask them what
Has dried within its fresh and living fount;
And they shall find, too late, the glaring light
That led their souls astray was not a star
Of Heaven. Oh, it is vain to strive with worldly
Sophistry to throw away the heart's fond
Reasoning. There is in its soft beating
A magic eloquence that will be heard—
A truth that specious words can never set

Aside—a love that draws its nourishment
From God—that makes this world not all a vale
Of tears ; that seeks alliance here with what
Is good, or disappointed in its noble quest,
And proving all things worthless here below,
Goes back again to slumber in the bosom
Of that Father whence it first had strayed.

The heart—how strong a tyrant is it
Even in its weaker moments ! And mine
Has wound itself about these places with
A love it will not willingly let die !
The dead are here—the beautiful departed
Whom it sighed most bitterly to leave, and
Now there is a beauty and a holiness
About the green spot where their ashes rest—
The faithless, who have grown so not of their
Own will, but been transformed out of the image
Of their better selves, through a blind chance or
Stern necessity, and whom the heart still
Cherishes, recalling in its hour of
Exile, the bright days of old—the careless
Coterie with whom it was my fortune
For awhile to mingle, and with whom
It was a full high happiness to be, and
For whom I gladly would have perilled all—

Whom I loved, and whom I always shall
Remember in my kindlier hours,—
Who will full soon forget me—and, best of
All, the noble few who 'mid the thousand
Chances and strange accidents of this our
Mortal life have still been true and kept the
Faith unsullied ; and she, the last, the noblest
And the truest—one who reigned among them
Like a living Queen—whom I may think of,
But not name ; all these are here, and to
All these with a sad heart and tear-dimmed eye
I now must say—farewell !

Farewell ! And yet
Not wholly so ; there will be some sweet mo-
ments

I would fancy in the oest experience
Of my olden friends, when a look. a word,
A motion or a sound will bring the absent
Back to memory. It may be in the
Still quiet of the summer's eve, when the
Soft stars are out upon their early watch ;
The moistening wind stealing across the sea
Will linger for awhile on some fair cheek,
And set her thoughts to wander ; or perchance
The midnight storm, howling about the roof,

Shall bear her musings off upon its pinions—
Or it may be in the softened hour of
Prayer, when the good heart overflows with
love,
And e'en the lowly and the outcast claim
A share in its far-reaching kindness, there
Shall come a thought of me—a blessed thought—
That shall not be unnoticed in the world
Above; whate'er it is or whatsoe'er
It be that stirs the memory with the thoughts
Of by-gone days, I shall feel it is a
Holy thing; and this it is that robs this
Parting hour of its sting; that gives a passing
Sweetness to the cup of gall, already at
My lips, and makes me drink it; that keeps my
Blood from chilliness, and nerves my fainting
Heart and buoys my spirit up, and helps me
With a calm, unflinching brow to speak that
Hardest, bitterest word—FAREWELL!



HELEN BURNS.

"Don't leave me, Jane ; I like to have you near me."

"I'll stay with you, dear Helen ; no one shall take me away."

"Are you warm, darling?"

"Yes."

"Good night, Jane."

"Good night, Helen."

She kissed me and I her, and we both soon slumbered.

A day or two afterwards I learned that Miss Temple on returning to her own room at dawn, had found me laid in the little crib, my face against Helen Burns' shoulder, and my arms around her neck. I was asleep and Helen was—dead.

Jane Eyre.

SOLELY in the darkened chamber
Burned the taper dim and low ;
Drearly the hours flitted
Like a silent river's flow ;

And while stillness like a mantle
Hung that little chamber o'er,
Life with all its rosy tinting
Seemed to fade forevermore.

There a little girl was lying
On her weary couch of pain,
Gazing on familiar objects
She would never see again.
She was like the ones we dream of—
Type of every kindest grace ;
And a beauty like the heavens
Beamed upon her childish face.

There she lay and never murmured,
Never wept and never sighed,
While her life-sands slowly trickled,
Ebbing like the ebbing tide ;
But a smile of loveliest beauty
Lighted up her pallid face
As she listened to the voices
Calling from the realms of space.

Calling her to cease from trouble,
Break from all her cares away,
Gently loose the silver shackles
Of her prison-house of clay,

And come back to that bright region
Where her spirit had its birth
Ere a taint had dimmed its lustre
From its pilgrimage on earth.

So she lay ; and as she listened,
While her life ebbed evermore,
Saw not when her young companion
Entered at the open door.

“Dearest Helen, do not leave me,
I will leave you ne’er again,
You have loved me, do not leave me,
Be a friend to friendless Jane.”

Then the dying girl looked upwards
With her soft and beaming eyes,
And she smiled as smile the angels
Far above us in the skies.

And she answered she was going
To her father’s house above,
Where all sickness and all sorrow
Fade before His perfect love.

“I shall see Him where He dwelleth,
The All-good, Almighty One,
In His presence I shall strengthen
As the flower in the sun ;

I shall gather with the spirits
That surround His gracious throne,
And my feeble notes shall mingle
With the anthems of His own.

"To this world of weary troubles
I shall never come again,
But afar in that blest region
I will think of thee, dear Jane ;
I will pray that in those mansions
There may be a place for thee,
And will ask of God His guidance,
Till thou mayest come to me."

With a tender kiss they parted,
And a last good-night was said,
And the morning beams fell strangely
On the living and the dead.
One from that embrace was sundered
To resume her checkered ways ;
One was where her perfect spirit
Basked amid celestial rays.

Dry thy tears, poor friendless orphan,
Voyager on a lone, wide sea,
For in heaven 'mongst the angels
There is one who thinks of thee ;

And if ever strong temptation
Gathers round thee like the night,
For the sake of that fond watcher
Arm thy spirit for the fight.

Do not cause a cloud to mantle
O'er the brightness of her day ;
Do not make her heart to tremble
Lest thy footsteps go astray ;
So that when the voyage is ended,
And thy Father takes thee home,
No discordant note shall mingle
With the anthem of " Well done ! "



BYRON'S LATTER DAYS.

. "The cold and cloudy clime
Where I was born but where I would not die."
Prophecy of Dante.

OH, let me die as I have lived,
Unfriended and alone!
Nor drop the false, unmeaning tear
Above my silent tomb.
In life ye left me to my fate,
And when my soul was desolate
Ye heaved no pitying sigh;
And 'tis not meet that ye should come
To mock me in my silent home
With unfelt sympathy!

But turn ye to your joys again,
Fill high the maddening bowl,
And strive amid the haunts of men
To still the accusing soul;

Return to where your treasures are,
And follow fashion's ruthless car,
Ere life's poor race be sped ;
Nor profane with fictitious moan,
Where sleep the weary and the lone,
In their last lowly bed.

My life ye made the outlaw's part,
Forced from my native land ;
And sought to pierce the untamed heart
Ye could not understand !
Of this I will not now complain,
My boon is that when I am lain
At rest among the dead—
My lowly sepulchre may be
Unsought, unvisited—and free
From your polluted tread !



THE FIRST STAR.

THE night was dark, the storm ran high,
The sky was overcast,
And in their midnight revelry
The night winds whistled past.

I groped and plodded, till my view
Caught in the distance far
A little speck of azure blue,
And in its midst—a star.

It was a high and daring thing,
To brave so dark a night ;
I fell before it, worshipping
That form of fairy light !

But soon the clouds were swept away,
And all was clear again ;
I took once more the cheerful way
Where I of yore had been.

And now the sky has many a star,
But I can see but one,
Lighting my pathway from afar,
And urging me right on.

Thanks to thee, brave and generous one;
Thanks to thee, noble star!
Where'er thou art shall be my home,
Though seas divide us far.



THE BURIAL AT SEA.**AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.**

THE calm continued ; not a breath of air
Stole o'er the waters, idly sleeping there ;
The long, low swell that hung upon the sea
Broke not the dull and tame monotony.
The petrel, known to all a restless thing,
Ceased its long flight and closed its weary wing,
And on the ocean's bosom sunk to rest,
Calmly as an infant on its mother's breast.
No cloud appeared to cheer the sailor's view,
The sky was all one deep, unvaried blue ;
And there the vessel lay upon the main,
With all her snowy canvas spread in vain,
Wooing the winds that evermore came not,
Forlorn she seemed, and like a thing forgot !
And now there was a stirring in the ship,
And whispers low, that passed from lip to lip ;

And many a tear, and many a stifled sigh,
From the full breast and from the swelling eye
Gushed forth; 'twas strange, that tide of feeling warm

Outpoured by children of the wind and storm;
It is no common grief that thus can stir
The fountains that have slept for many a year,
And bring the tear drops from the bosoms deep,
Adown those cheeks that scarce knew how to weep.

No common grief it was, for he was gone,
Endeared to all, and loved by every one;
Gone, and forever, to his endless sleep,
Soon to be coffined in the lonesome deep;
And they should see his youthful form no more,
Nor hear his voice, oft heard with joy before;
And they would miss him in the darksome night,
And they would miss him at the morning light,
And they would miss him at the social meal,
And oft apart some kindlier one would steal
And, gazing sadly o'er his watery bier,
Pay to the lost—'twas all he could—a tear.

And deem it not, cold dweller on the land,
A wondrous thing that such a hardy band

Should weep like children when a friend has
gone

From their embraces to his long, last home,
For we could tell, so thou wert fit to hear,
A tale that would sound strangely to thine ear,
Of men that, bred in many a fearful scene,
As thou hast known not in thy wildest dream,
And nursed amid the element's wild strife,
Afar from all the pleasing joys of life;
That, when they love, their love is not like ours,
Too oft the solace of a few short hours;
A passing dream we care not should abide,
A thing to dally with and cast aside;
But strong, unchanging, as the stern alone
Know how to love, and how love should be
shown!

But see! Up the steep winding of the cabin
stair

They bear him once more to the upper air;
The sun shines brightly on the coffin lid,
And glistens o'er the features of the dead,
And round his pale, cold forehead seems to play
As if it loved him, even in decay!
All else is still—the motion of the air

Stirs not a cluster of his wavy hair ;
The snow white canvas lies upon his breast,
The sailor's pillow in his long, last rest ;
And the close coffin o'er him spreads its veil,
The narrow bark in which we all must sail !
It seems as if the gallant ship did know
The meaning of this heavy scene of woe,
So wearily she plunges, while on high
The flag hangs drooping half mast 'gainst the
sky ;

And e'en the gleesome gulls are silent now,
And cease their gambols round the lofty prow.

Now, one by one, the hardy seamen come,
To cast one glance—a long-remembered one,
'Tis o'er—that longing look—it was the last—
The coffin lid is closed, and all is past !
A long, deep silence, and a heavy splash,
As 'gainst the side the troubled waters dash—
A gurgling murmur, like a welcome tone
Wherewith the sea receives him for her own ;
And the hoarse booming of the minute gun
Falls on the ear, and is he really gone ?

'Tis past—and o'er the bosom of the deep
The laggard winds once more begin to sweep ;

A gentle ripple stirs the glassy wave,
Around the prow the flashing waters lave,
And gurgling past her drifts the bubbling spray,
As the tall vessel gathers on her way.
How gracefully she treads the heaving seas !
Her canvas swells before the freshening breeze;
Her yards are trim, her taper spars on high,
In gallant circles sweep the azure sky—
And, bending down before the coming blast,
She spurns the waters as they hurry past !
Around the windlass lounge the silent band ;
The laugh is absent, and the skilful hand
Sweeps not to-night the merry strings along ;
Still is the dance, and hushed the wonted song ;
There come no words from those deep, throbbing
 breasts,
The sigh has ceased to swell their manly chests;
Theirs the deep grief that language cannot
 prove,
The grief e'en sympathy may fail to soothe ;
Alone the tear that glistened in the eye,
But would not flow, while others lingered by—
And the quick workings of the time-worn face,
That vainly strove to wear a look of peace.
These the still current of their grief express,
Vain words were mockery in a scene like this !

But list ! what sound breaks in upon the spell?
The mournful cadence of the evening bell,
Is heard far booming o'er the lonesome deep ;—
And then they parted—some to welcome sleep—
And some to their long watch, yet e'er they
went,

Their glances met, each knew the heart's in-
tent ;—

Their thoughts found utterance in a stifled tone,
They paid a tribute to that hapless one ;—
“He was a noble being !” Such the plain
And simple eulogy they passed o'er him.
And that was all, no other word was spoke—
The rest was written in that parting look ;
It was enough ; and calm repose again
Fell o'er the ship and o'er the bounding main ;
Naught broke the stillness save the gurgling
tide,
And the quick splash against the vessel's side.

And who was he, the being they had left
To his lone slumber in the ocean's depth ?
A strange, an untaught, and a restless one,
Wild as the waters he had made his home !
His soul untamed, and his proud thoughts as
free

As the deep rollings of his own loved sea !
In youth his bounding spirit pined to rove
From the dull scenes it never more could love.
He bade his mother, sisters, friends, good bye,
And no tear dimmed the brightness of his eye ;
And from his native home he turned away
Without one sigh or one fond wish to stay.
Yet blame him not, for life with him was new,
And a proud moment was that first adieu,
For he had hoped in future years to come
From his long wanderings to his youthful
home—

Not as he went, but rich in varied lore,
Of the far countries he had wandered o'er ;
And wild adventures among stranger men,
And daring exploits on the boundless main ;
And fraught with costly presents, as might
prove

Through his long absence ever constant love ;
Aye, blame him not, because his manly heart
Knew not to weep, and would not act a part
It could not feel, and sit and sigh away
The morning freshness of his life's short day.
His was a memory of his distant home,
That nerved his soul and bade weak tears be-
gone ;

And urged him onward in his noble strife,
To reign a hero in the war of life;
Or should he fail in sickness and in pain,
To prove him worthy of his father's name!

But this is past;—that noble one is gone,
Deep in Old Ocean's bosom he sleeps on;
Around his couch the pale sea flower grows,
And lends a sweetness to his lone repose;
O'er his cold breast the tangleweed is green,
And mermaids chaunt their ceaseless song un-
seen.


There let him rest—a fitting place for one
Like him to sleep when life's dull task is done;
In the blue sea, for whose sake he had left
His all beside, and was of all bereft,
'Till woman's love and sister's kindly tone
Became unmeaning things to that strange one;
And in exchange had brought him many an ill;
Yet still he sought it, and he loved it still,
There let him rest!—his troubled journey o'er—
Where roves the free and sportive albicore,
And the swift dolphin holds his shining way,
And the bright goldfish ever are at play.
There let him rest! No harsh, unkindly tone
Shall ever reach him in his slumbers lone;

No piercing tale of earthly cares and woes
Shall break the silence of his last repose.
His life was short, but in it he had seen
Enough to rouse him from his early dream,
To find the honors he had toiled to win
Brought naught but pain and weariness within ;
Of faithless friends, a tale oft told before,
And hopes he long had cherished, now no more ;
All, all that preys upon the high-strung heart,
And strives to win it from its lofty part.
Yet still through all, he loved the glorious main
It ne'er deceived him and was still the same,
As when in youth his buoyant spirit tried
Its first long flights upon its billows wide ;
And it became his one unchanging prayer,
That he might sleep his final slumber there.

That prayer was granted, and the ocean wave
Sighs the last requiem o'er his watery grave.



LINES ON A BANK BILL.

 FRESH from the mint—a goodly face—
Well featured—nor devoid of grace :
I s'pose it will be vain ;
But I would say as once was said
To me, ere yet my youth had fled,
I like you—come again.

Yet take no air, my handsome one,
Nor yet your unfledged soul upon
Lay “flattering unction.”
For you, like all things else on earth,
Will pass—for just what you are worth,
And fill your proper function.

And what is beauty ? A dim light
That soon goes out in darkest night,
 And leaves no trace behind ;
But with my inner eye I see
A something better far in thee—
 A lesson for the mind.

A strange and restless course is thine
Upon the restless stream of time ;
 And love, and hate, and avarice,
The good, the bad, the wise, the fool,
Alike shall use thee as a tool
 For virtue or for vice.

For thee the young shall spend their strength,
And old men shorten more their length
 Of days ; (it does seem funny),
As if instead of bread to eat,
The curse ran : By thy toiling sweat,
 Oh man, thou shalt earn money.

The widow who full long has borne
All sorrow, and but lives to mourn
 O'er him, the early dead,
Shall hail thee as the means to wear
A life that brings no joy to her,
 Since every hope has fled.

Thou art a lifeless thing, but still
Thou bring'st the joys of life to fill
 The poor man's humble dwelling,
Where Happiness in thousand ways,
In song, and laugh, and hymns of praise,
 Her keenfelt tale is telling.

The smiling maid shall press thee close,
As tripping up the street she goes,
 To purchase sweet confections:
And bearded men when hot and heady,
Shall hand thee over as "the ready,"
 In bets upon elections.

A shade has passed across my dream,
A sad and bitter mournful scene
 Comes up before me now—
And thou art in the hands of one
The record of whose fortunes gone,
 Is writ upon his brow.

There do I read with tear-dimmed eye
A "sacred to the memory"
 Of early hopes that gave
A fairer prospect. Ask'st thou where
Those hopes have vanished? Seek them there,
 Beside that moss-grown grave.

But dear me, let me hasten back—
(I'm ever getting off the track).

Bank bill, thou hast the power
To purchase that which brings a smile,
And stays sad memories awhile ;
But oh, the awakening hour !


Bank bill, bank bill, 'tis hard to part ;
It is not often that my heart
May win a friend like thee.
And should'st thou go I know not when,
If ever, we shall meet again ;
But if it so *should* be—

Perchance in thy worn, altered form,
Thy fair face battered, soiled and torn,
And everything of good
Which now thou wearest, changed and gone—
Besmeared with dirt and filth, and on
Thy brow—it may be—blood !—

I shall not recognize the bill
Which in my fingers lingers still,
Untainted yet by toil.
So I feel loth to send thee forth,
To mingle with the dross of earth,
Thy maiden garb to soil.

A VISION.

**"The good die first,
While they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket."**

 **SAW two beings in a morning dream,
Wandering together o'er the sea of life—
A true and noble hearted pair I ween
As ever gladdened this dark world of strife.**

**And one was high-souled as the forest oak ;
His full heart swelling as the swelling sea !
The other was all gentleness, and spoke
Of love, of kindness, and of sympathy.**

**And they had loved, and chosen out each other
From the wide world to love and be beloved,—
As the true heart may love its only brother,
Careful of nothing but the other's good.**

Their hearts were joined in Heaven, though
their hands

Were given in this weary world of ours ;
Their ties of friendship, all were silken bands
Inwoven with the young Spring's fairest
flowers.

I looked, yet ere my tongue found words to
bless,

The maid was caught up from the lover's
view ;

And ere he spent his fondest, last caress,
Soft faded from him in the azure blue.

They said she died ; and there were many tears,
And one true heart was breaking,—he had
thought

They ne'er should meet again, and his worst
fears

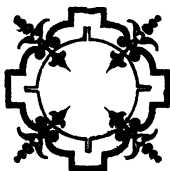
Brought nothing more ; now life to him was
nought !

It is not so ;—she is not dead, though we
With our dull eyes perchance may see her
not ;—

She is not dead, though far removed she be—
A flower transplanted to a kindlier spot.

She is not dead ! Cheer up thou noble one,
And wipe the tear-drops from thy manly eye,
And proudly bear, until the summons come
For thee to join her in eternity.

She is not dead ! The desolated hearth
Shall brighten at the thought that both are
living—
Though one is still a wanderer on the earth,
And one is reigning 'mong the stars of
Heaven.




EVENING.

EVENING has come again, and a deep calm
Steals o'er my spirit, as I feel her near;
Fairest of Nature's offspring! Thy sweet balm
Has often soothed me in my dark career.
Beneath thy mild and ever-gentle sway,
My drooping spirits once again revive,
And thoughts that fled the searching glance of
day,
Come forth, and in thy presence joy to live.
The sick girl turns upon her weary bed
To greet the coming of thy cooling breath;
And as it gently laps her aching head
She turns with quiet smile to welcome Death;
And joys to think, since her last hour has come,
That thy soft arms shall bear her spirit home.



I MISS THEE.

 MISS thee in my rambles lone, beside the
sunny stream,

When brightly in the morning light the danc-
ing waters gleam,

And all the livelong summer's day, or in the
shady wood,

Or straying wayward and apart by forest and
by flood—

I miss thee, oh I miss thee.

And when the social band is met, and hearts
beat light again,

I seek thy kind and beaming smile and list thy
voice in vain ;

And when bright forms are thronging before
my weary gaze,
And the glad laugh brings back to mind the
joys of other days—

I miss thee, oh I miss thee.

I miss thee at the evening hearth when all our
tasks are done,
And we are gathered once again within our
happy home ;
And when to God the Father we turn our hearts
in prayer,
And see no more thy childlike form bending in
worship there—

I miss thee, oh I miss thee.

I am not happy as I was when thou wert by
my side,
And we together launched our boat upon the
streamlet's tide ;
For wheresoe'er my footsteps roam, by land or
distant sea,
Or lingering in some fairest spot where once
thou loved to be—

I miss thee, oh I miss thee.

THOUGHTS IN DEJECTION.

WHAT is our life, and whither am I tending?
What means it, all this gilded pomp and
show?

If this be the beginning, where the ending?

When shall we close this pilgrimage of woe?

How strange a thing this life! We know not

Whence it comes or whither it is hasting—

But this we know: that we exist—for what?

To pine and die, and be forever wasting.

Is it indeed for this that we were born,

And placed in such a “wide and wondrous
home,”

And served by the fair sisters, Eve and Morn,

Beneath a bright and starry spangled dome,

Amid the birds that sing on every tree,
And flowers springing in the sunny light,
And rolling on their course in harmony
The stars that light the ebon vault of night?

I will not so believe; but I will rise
And wake me from my dreamy lethargy,
And summon up my thoughts, and learn to
prize
The full extent of my high destiny.
What am I? A child of the dust, 'tis true;
And I rejoice that this my earthy frame
Shall die, and mingle with the dust anew,
And, e'en as once it was, become again.

I did not seek this heaviness of life,
To bear these woesome burdens, and to plod
My way along a world of guilt and strife,
Forgot of men, forgetful of my God.
There was an hour when I slept serene,
Ere I was called to live—a bitter task—
But could I once have looked along the scene,
It were a boon for which I would not ask.

And oftentimes, He knows, who framed the
heart,

How it has longed and sighed to look on Death,
How gladly it would lay aside its bitter part,
And yield again to nothingness its breath ;
And drop the curtain on the troubled scene,
And say : It is all over ; and afar
From men, to lie down on some mossy green,
And sigh itself to sleep from every care.

It may not be ; I still am here for good ;
I will not doubt it. There is that in me
That cannot wholly die—a love that stood
When all beside had fallen, like some tree
That the wild storms of Earth may beat around
But never can uproot—a love of all
Things holy, all things lovely, that has found,
And still can find, e'en here, the beautiful.

And in my better hours, this has come
Over my soul like a sweet strain of old,
Heard when the heart was younger ; one by
one
Old forms come flitting by ; old tales are told ;

Like to the first blue violet it doth seem,
Up-springing ere the wintry snows be past,
Telling Earth's wanderer of the summer's green,
And cheering him to struggle to the last.

And this is much, and for this I will strive
To mask the hidden barrenness of my soul,
And wear awhile the hidden mockery of life,
While heavily the days and hours roll :
And this is much ; but oh, the solitude
Of which this love was born ; the deep despair
That ended in a hope ; the outcast mood
That left me buoyant as the summer air !



MOUNT LANDER.

IN BIERSTADT'S ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

• **T**HERE are broad flakes of lights on the hill's
rugged face,
O'er the breast of the bright pictured landscape
below.

Where the hunters of Shoshone rest after the
chase

• Lies the soft summer afternoon's tremulous
glow.

The lake, like a mirror, sleeps burnished and
still ;

The cotton-wood drops its cool shade on the
plain.

There the horses unshackled stray browsing at
will,

And the wigwams are deck'd with the spoils of
the slain.

Far beyond, peak on peak, looms the mountain-
ous zone

Whence the wierd river leaps towards the
green vale below ;

And high in its center one grand royal cone
Stands out 'gainst the blue with its frontlet of
snow.

Oh, fit is the name it so worthily wears,
Brave Lander's !—And past is the pang of that
day,

When home from the fields of his laurels and
scars

To the old storied town by that far distant Bay

They brought him to sleep by the mother who
bore him—

So grandly suggestive, this type of his life,
With the pine mountain breezes left free to
blow o'er him

'Midst the halo of peace that comes after the
strife.

The wild life at its feet was the life that he
loved,

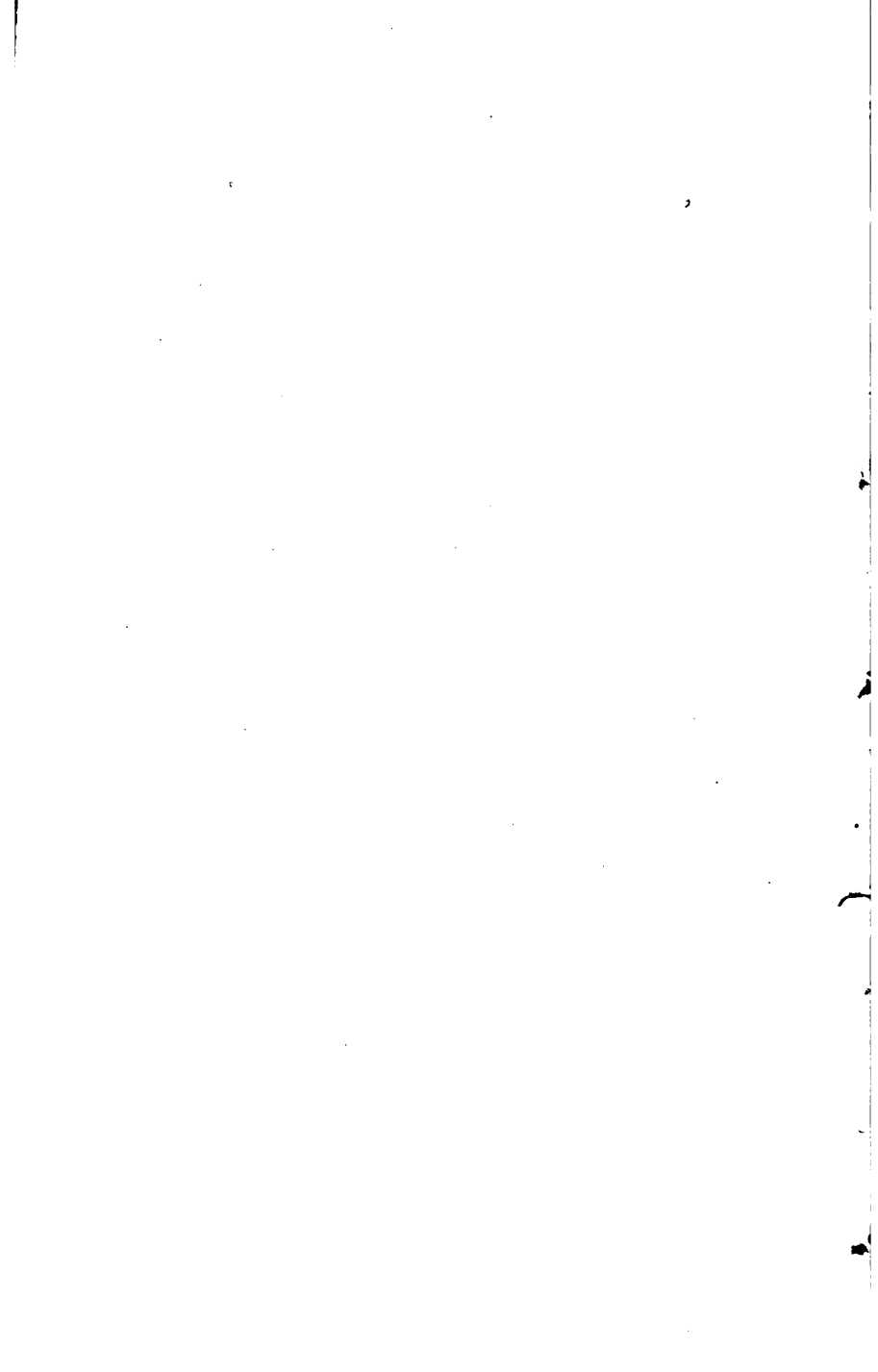
And the glacier's gleam was the gleam of his
sword—

With the avalanche's swoop at Rich mountain
he moved—
On Philippa at day-break its thunder he poured.

And that peak that ne'er swerved at the wrath-
fulest stroke
That the Demon of Tempest e'er smote with
his rod
Stands not firmer erect in its quartz-bedded
rock
Than he for his country, the right, and his
God!

Oh thus let it stand like a Teacher divine—
Its brow heaven-washed of earth-stains and
allures,
And as passion goes down in the ocean of time
Be hailed as the symbol of Peace which en-
dures.





IN SPAIN.

"While at Cordova, in Spain, at the hour of sunset I walked along the banks of the Guadalquivir. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the scene and surroundings seemed to shape themselves into a kind of poetry. So I went home and wrote (the first for a very long time and probably the last) the lines I enclose."

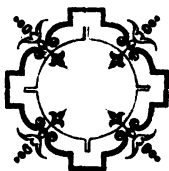
THE golden sunset was streaming wide
Over mosque and plain and river,
When I strolled by the side of that storied tide,
And drank of the Guadalquivir.

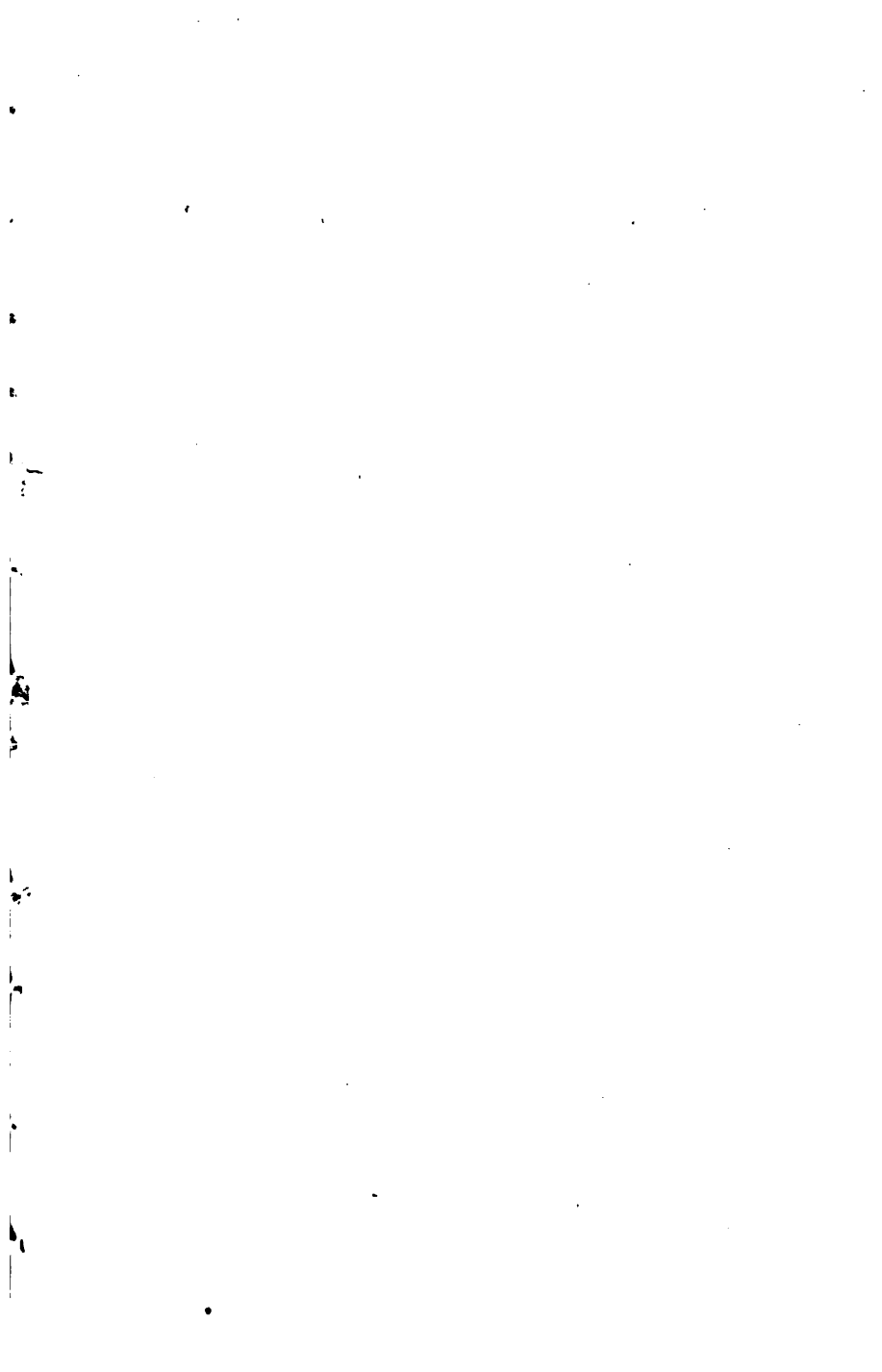
And I thought of the days when Spain was great,
Flooding the earth with her glory ;
When proud and elate she sat in state,
Pale queen of a deathless story !

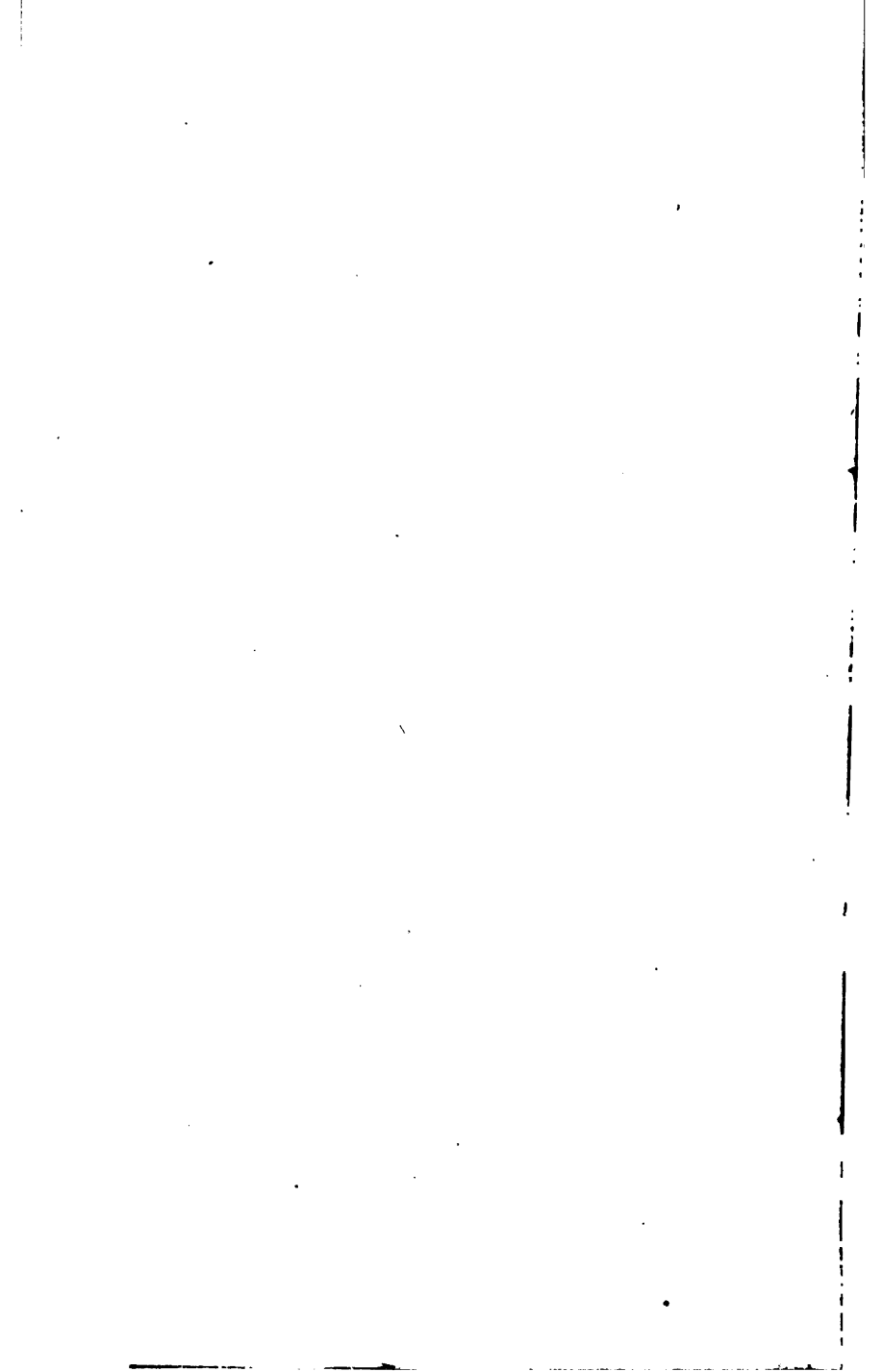
And Colon sailed o'er the waters then
To another fair world afar,
And placed a gem in her diadem,
As bright as the morning star!

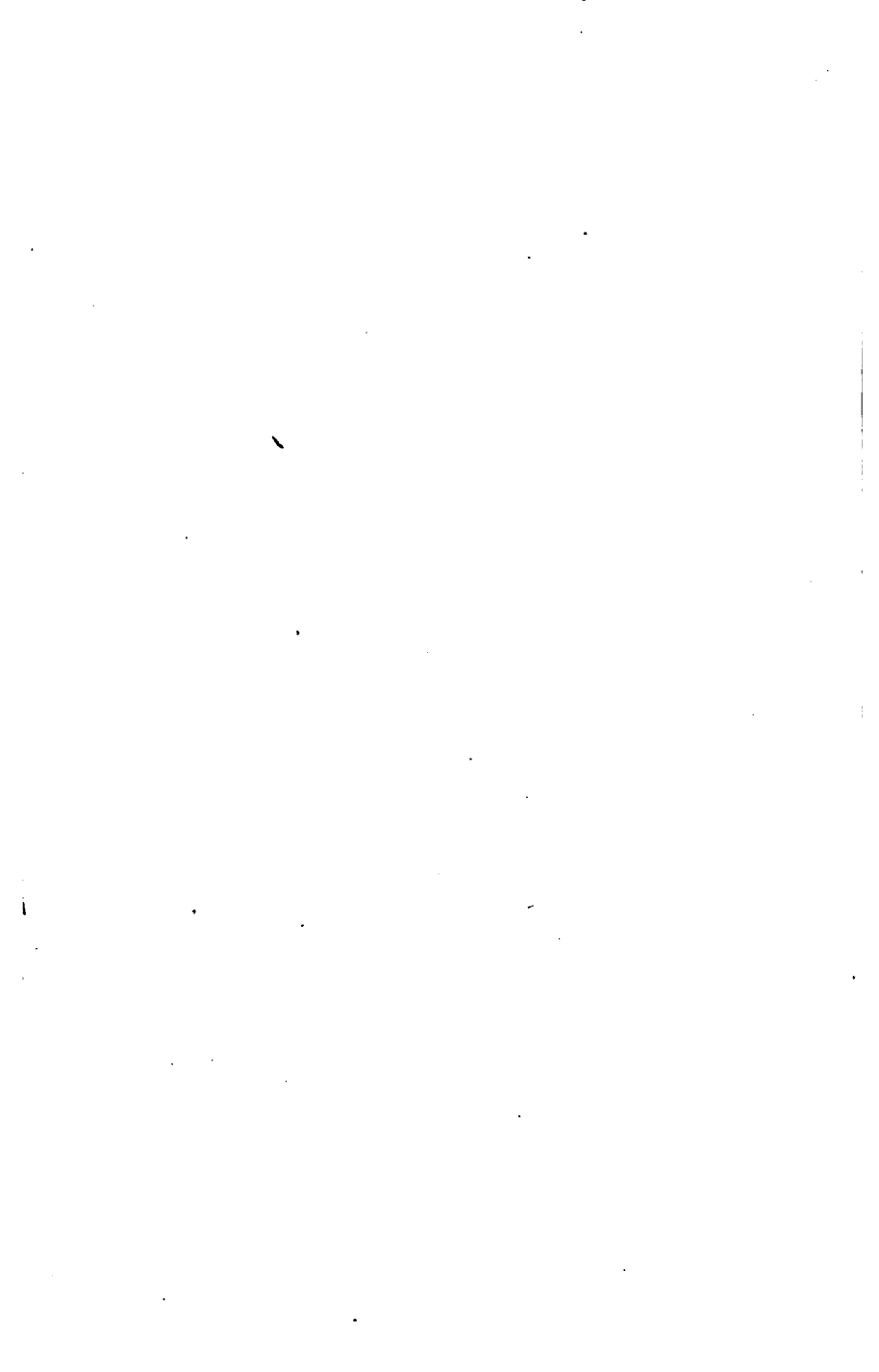
Oh, then from the tramp of her mailèd host
The infidel fled in dismay—
From her farthest coast, like a startled ghost
At the dawn of the Christian day!

Those days are gone, but the lingering light
Still rests on plain and river
As soft and bright, as if no night
Could darken the Guadalquiver!













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